

THE

6704

# MALL:

OR, THE

Reigning Beauties.

Containing the Various

## INTRIGUES

OF

Miss CLOUDY,

And her GOVERNANTE

Madam AGILITY.

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*Happy's the Man enters this Sacred Grove,  
And treads the Mazes of Mysterious Love.*

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L O N D O N:

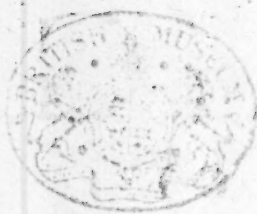
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THE  
MALL

OF THE  
Great Britain

of the Vintners

THE  
WINE



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OF THE

And the Vintners

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MALL:

OR, THE

Reigning Beauties, &c.

L ook here, Immortal Queen of Beauty, Rise,  
And wonder at your Rival Mortal's Eyes,  
That *Jove* himself views with such kind Surprize.  
No longer boast of the Idalian Star,  
Far brighter shine within the *British* Sphere;  
*Phæbus* must vail his own Resplendant Light,  
Or make his Rays to match their Eyes more Bright.

We're only scorch'd when present by the Sun,  
But absent here, Reflexion makes us burn,  
And gazing much, too surely are undone.  
O Chaste *Diana*! Ruler of the Night,  
And thou Blest *Proserpine*, whose chief Delight  
Rests in the Peaceful Shades debarr'd of Light,  
Cast now thy Mantle o'er the Cruel Fair,  
And with thick Darkness fill the Lightsome Air;



When K—— appears the Sun retires for Shame,  
 And owns her Eyes by far the Brighter Flame ;  
 Nature herself, like the too Conscious Maid,  
 Blushes to see the Colour she has laid,  
 Lest heedless Man shou'd think the Beauteous Dye,  
 Had by some Artful Gloss deceiv'd his Eye.  
 But Oh ! Too pow'rful gazing Mortals find  
 These Magick Charms thus carelessly design'd ;  
 In ev'ry Lock a *Cupid* does appear,  
 Darting his Arrows from her flowing Hair.  
*Bacchus*, the God of Mirth, sits in her Eyes,  
 And on her Forehead *Jove* erects New Skies,  
 With Thunder round him to express the God,  
 And so Commands the World at ev'ry Nod.

As Artless thus, and Beautiful, we see  
*Grant's* happy Form, and *Venus* Symmetry ;  
 An Air in ev'ry Turn she does express,  
 The Graces come to Council at her Dress ;  
 Her Breast with gen'rous Thoughts of Love inspir'd,  
 Seems to disdain what is not nobly fir'd ;  
 Her Shape, her Voice, her Mein, is all the same,  
 The true Resemblance of the *Paphian* Dame.  
 God's ! How she looks ! How ev'ry Action charms,  
 And how her Name my Muse to passion warms,  
 Like Inspirations from *Apollo's* Shrine,  
 We still believe the Oracle Divine.  
 If hearing then the Priest so soon cou'd move,  
 How quick must seeing make the Poet love ?  
 When *Cecil's* Eyes their Beams of Fire dispence.  
 And warm with more than *Rhæbus's* Influence ;  
 Her Cheeks ~~have~~ Nature's Blooming Liv'ry wear,  
 And nothing but her Lips so rose are ; Her



Such kindling Flames from her fresh Blushes rise,  
 Each Day we offer double Sacrifice;  
 Yet still the Cruel Deity we find  
 Regardless of the Tenders of Mankind,  
 Wit, and good Sense, their Tyrant Reign display  
 And make the Wiseman and the Great obey;  
 For surely ev'ry Noble Heart must yeild,  
 Where Youth, and Love, and Beauty, keep the Field.

*Sherburn*, like some surprizing Meteor, shows,  
 And casts a Lightning round her as she goes;  
 And Air of Grandure sits upon her Face,  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Soft and Smiling Grace;  
 Well may she charm with irresistible Sway,  
 Since Nature gives her such a shining Ray,  
 That adds fresh Lustre to the Beauteous Day.  
 And *Brittains* Noblest Blood, touch'd with the Po-  
 Submits to kneel, and Triumphs to adore. (w'r,  
*Norfolk's* Illustrious Branch here bends his tow'r-  
 (ing Head,  
 With pleasing Transports Sues the lovely Maid,  
 To Crown his Hopes, and Grace his Nuptial Bed;  
 While *Hymen* waiting at the Bridal Night,  
 Shall have his Torch extinguish'd by her Light.

Here no false Jems, but *Cloudy's*, do appear,  
 With Glass for Diamonds dangling in each Ear,  
 And for Court Mein, and awkward Sullen Air;  
 None here beside her Monstrous Self we see  
 Bustle for Elbow-room, like Quality.  
 In this Prospective few are to be seen  
 Like her, that always jostles up the Men,

Will Walk, and Laugh aloud, and be as free  
 As any Man wou'd wish a W---- to be,  
 And yet mean nothing by't but Gallantry ;  
 All this she does to show her Glut of Wit,  
 And Satyrize the Man for want of it.  
 And don't the Fools deserve to be abus'd,  
 That have her not all this time better us'd ?  
 Or at the least tell why they will not own  
 She is the Reigning Beauty of the Town ?  
 That they are *Moon-Calves*, blind, and cannot see }  
 The Mean betwixt her Charms and her Deformi- }  
 Madam *La Governante Aglity* ? (ty, }  
 That little, pretty, witty, flippant Thing  
 That tires all Mankind with her Noise and Din,  
 Will tittle tattle Forty Hours together,  
 And walk the *Mall* be't Fair or Rainy Weather,  
 So that a Man be there with whom she may  
 Talk something to, or any Thing may say ;  
 Lampoon the *Park*, the Playhouse, or the Court,  
 'Tis all alike to her, a common Sport,  
 That gives Diversion to her prattling Wit,  
 And makes her Court the Title of Coquet.

But lest the Author's Fame shou'd be forgot,  
 Fair *Cloudy's* Character was doubly wrot,  
 And fearing that choice Flow'r too soon shou'd fade,  
 She must the Reigning Beauty too be made ;  
 Tho' clouted *Hose* and *Shoen* deck'd up this Dowdy,  
 In little time she makes the Beauteous *Cloudy*,  
 Infatiate Pride ! That has no Bounds or Rules  
 To hld thy self e'vn from unthinking Fools,

But naked thus thou dost thy Vice expose,  
 And make thy greatest Votaries thy Foes.  
 Not to secure one Friend: O poor Design!  
 But to attack such Drones as *Columbine*;  
 Such sure must fall below a Woman's Rage,  
 That dares a R---t or a Man engage.  
 More Barbarous still and Base was the Intent  
 Of throwing Dirt on honest *Sediment*,  
 One that was always of th' Informing Crew,  
 And nicely skill'd in ev'ry Fashion New;  
 Knew ev'ry Face that had but once been here,  
 And quickly told their Names e'en by their Air:  
 'Twas most unkind then to expose this Spark,  
 Who told you all the Secrets of the *Park*.

My Muse proceed with thy Satyrick Charge,  
 The Crimes are heinous, and their Numbers large;  
 Merc'less, like Death, they spare nor Rich, nor

(Wife,  
 But make their Friends and Foes a common Sa-  
 (crifice.

The Men of Mode they brand with want of Sense,  
 And charge Coz. *Div's* with much Impertinence.  
*Lumly* and *Coote*, with all their softning Arts,  
 Never cou'd penetrate these Tyrant Hearts:  
 This takes at first the peart Loquacious Fool,  
 Till he of Nonsence gets his Belly full,  
 And has his Ears so stunn'd with Clat and Noise,  
 He stands amaz'd, and thus exclaiming Cries;  
 Heavens! What Fœcundity of Words are these,  
 That rowl thus widely like Tempestuous Seas?  
 Thus lost to Sense, he can no Senses find,  
 But such as are convey'd by force of Wind. This



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This Agile Motion dwells not only here,  
But Acts with Vigour in her ev'ry where;  
No Man can surely tell which wou'd prevail,  
If 'twas disputed once, her Tongue or Tail :  
But since the first reigns with most Lawless Sway,  
That Member shou'd be first taught to obey.  
Satyr, that Task is only thine, arise  
And once suppress with Gall a Woman's Noise;  
Search ev'ry where, and from her Heart descry  
Her Pride, her Folly, and her Vanity.  
Shame to her Sex! That has their Weakness shown,  
Without the Sense of Modesty to hide her own  
Confederate Fool! To raise an empty Name,  
Thou hast expos'd the Secret of thy Shame  
In written Characters, tho' in the Dark,  
All Men may read them in *St. James's-Park*;  
Where with false Kisses thou betray'dst thy Friend,  
And didst without Desert or Sense commend  
With Vilest Treachery; thou, Traitor like,  
Didst fawn, and those that least expected strike :  
And to compleate the Villany the more,  
All this you had Contriv'd, at last Forswore.  
But spight of all that gentle Love cou'd do,  
Envy and Pride must strike the Fatal Blow.  
Ev'n *Radnor's* Am'rous Moan cou'd ne'er abate  
Their Scandel Whispers, and Malicious Prate;  
Nothing can make these *Sphinxes* once Relent,  
They must be Damn'd that never do Repent.  
The Great *Macartney's* Soul must meet their Slight,  
And with a Woman's Airy Phantom Fight;  
Yet he some Favour finds among 'em here,  
Whispering the *Reigning Beauty* in the Ear.

But

But let him mind, for he's not yet set free  
 Till he's paid Homage to *Agility* ;  
 She who Commands with Sov'reign Sway the *Mell*,  
 And can dispatch him with her Tongue to Hell.

Now Satyr tell what Mischiefs she hath wrought,  
 And how her Tongue flies swifter than her Thought.  
 How many to her Mercy still submit,  
 And own her Malice, that deny her Wit.  
 The Man whose Honour she attempts to raise  
 Had better meet her Satyr than her Praise ;  
 So *Britton* under her Displeasure shines,  
 And *Sidney* suffers in her fulsome Lines ;  
 Ev'n *Dorset's* Character cannot maintain  
 Itself, sullied by her polluted Strain ;  
 While *Harwich*, *Bath* and *Windham* suffer more  
 Than from the Encomium's of a Play-house W----  
 And *Tun's* Amour to *Cloudy* sinks as low  
 As once she thought the awkward Gallant's Bow.  
 But see how Time has turn'd the fancied Scale,  
 While Hatred does instead of Love prevail ;  
 No longer on the Glass her Name is writ,  
 No longer Thought a Beauty or a Wit,  
 But now disdain'd, she stalks the *Mall* along,  
 The Jest and Wonder of the Beauteous Throng ;  
 While some her Living for a Riddle take  
 And ridicule her for her Mother's Sake ;  
 Others do her their Sport and Pastime make.  
 The Men divert them with their Vanity,  
 And love to Banter with *Agility* ;  
 While *Cloudy*, hobbling after in the Crowd,  
 Says least of all, but laughs profusely loud.

The Fair mean time despise their nauseous Ways,  
 And prudently avoid such publick Praise,  
 That more Dishonour than just Credit raise;  
 For Flattery when once in Common us'd,  
 Is a Nice Art of pleasing much abus'd,  
 Women of Conduct this with Scorn disdain,  
 And leave such Follies to the Worthless Vain;  
 To such as Court an empty Fop's Address,  
 Or for Vile Praise will please themselves with less,

This is the Goddess t'whom their Vows they pay.  
 And with Devotion worship ev'ry Day;  
 The *Priests* that offer on the Altars there,  
 Are such as Consecrate their Praise with Pray'r;  
 Bow down their Heads in Honour to their Shrine,  
 First kiss their Hand, and humbly to them join;  
 These are the Men that must Admittance find,  
 Yet must not dare to own their Fautors Kind.  
 Beauty and Fame such tender Flow'rs are grown,  
 The one oft dies before the other's blown;  
 Yet some so stately sway the pow'rful Dart,  
 They fix at once the most unconstant Heart;  
 While others by ill Nature seek to Reign  
 Inhospitable, Insolent, and Vain.

So *H——t*, Spight of Fortune's Favours, shows  
 Fame has resolv'd the Niggard to expose;  
 And notwithstanding all her hidden Store,  
 She lives a Beggar, infamously Poor.

*B——n*, adorn'd with Vanity and Pride,  
 Spares her own Faults, but Censures all beside.

What



What her Ill Nature prompts the Tongue declares,  
 And for false Whispers finds a Thousand Ears ;  
 With Slander pleas'd, she's free and liberal,  
 Tho' to a Lot a Drunken Drummer fall.

While *A——t* frights young tender Love away,  
 Not pleas'd with such Deformity to stay ;  
 Nor will he be allur'd with Feigns of Wit,  
 But laughs at those that are beguil'd with it ;  
 Censure and Envy never can pretend  
 To gain a Lover, or secure a Friend.  
 Not like fair *Cloris* this, without Disdain,  
 The Unenvy'd Goddess of the Courtly Plain,  
 She must the Idol of Mens Hearts be made,  
 Whose Eyes so strong, yet gently do perswade.

Thus *Farmer's* Neck with easie Motion turns ;  
 The Purple Flood in Circling Currents runs :  
 Her Snowey Breasts those lovely Mounts arise,  
 And with surprizing Pleasure seize our Eyes.  
 Between these Hills flows *Heliconian* Dew,  
 Which makes the Poet's Raptures ever new,  
 To these the Gods their powerful Thunder owe,  
*Venus* her Beauty, and her *Son* his Bow.

*Newton* at distance we with Pleasure see,  
 And wonder at the Charming Symmetry ;  
 But when we near the pleasing Object meet,  
 How then we gaze upon her nimble Feet ?  
 Nor are less pleas'd to view the happy Mean,  
 Through which the Beauties of her Soul is seen.

To *Dunche's* Shape let *Dudley's* Air invite  
 To all those Joys Mankind can form Delight;  
 From these *Apelles* might have justly drawn  
 A Brighter *Venus* —

Spotless as Light, clear as the Orient Dawn,  
 E'er *Phæbus* yet has sullied with his Ray  
 The feint Approaches of the coming Day.

*Chetwin* with Grandure treads an even Pace,  
 And prints in ev'ry Step she takes a Grace,  
 That does like *Griffin's* Voice our Passion move,  
 And tempt Mankind with equal Force to Love,  
 As she by Singing Charms the Pow'rs above.

As *Wortleys* Face does ev'ry Heart inspire,  
 And gives Delight, so it forbid Desire;  
 Such as will rite when Beauty does appear,  
 If not suppress'd by such Commanding Eyes to fear.

Good Sense and Wit with Charms we seldom find,  
 Like those in Beauteous *H* — and *Lawrence*  
 [join'd  
 Where both united in each Witty she,  
 Contend together for the Mastery,  
 One for sound Reason, th'other Repartee.

The Wanton God smiles on Fair *Osborn's* Face,  
 As when *Adonis* gave his Mother Grace;  
 Soft Breezing Zephirs play around the Maid,  
 As if with gentle Sighs they wou'd to Love  
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 And

And threw themselves devoutly at her Feet,  
 As all Perfections do in *Cloris* meet  
 So Rich in Vertue, so profusely Gay,  
 Her Wit and Air their flagrant Charms display,  
 Bright as the Morn, and Sweet as the Flow'ry *May*.

Easie to love thus *Clergy's* does appear,  
 Uncircumferib'd her Looks, and free her Air;  
 No Wanton Passions round her Bosom range,  
 But constant Goodness that disdains to change :  
 With no Design this Fair Enchanter sets,  
 Toils for Mens Hearts, or spreads her Blooming Nets,  
 But fix'd in Mind does gentle Love pursue,  
 And Courts the Pleasing Pains of loving true.

But stay, be cautious now my tender Muse,  
 Lest *Westmorland* thy rugged Lines abuse,  
 And with too rash a Hand thou soil the Fair,  
 And faultless Form of Studious Nature's Care,  
 Giving Perfection in her Shape and Air.  
 Her careless Mien, her disengaged Look,  
 Which yet for Charming *Stringer's* might be took;  
 So tenderly she's touch'd in ev'ry Part,  
 None can refuse an Off'ring to her Heart.

See how the *Lewins's* Fragrant Charms dispense,  
 While all Mankind confess their Influence;  
 Darts from their piercing Eyes like Lightning fly  
 And scatter Pleasure thro' e Ambient Sky.

So *Lowther* moves the loveliest of her kind,  
 T'whom Nature has so large a Portion join'd,  
 A Beauteous Body, and a Noble Mind.



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 So Rich in Vertue, so profusely Gay,  
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 Uncircumscrib'd her Looks, and free her Air;  
 No Wanton Passions round her Bosom range,  
 But constant Goodness that disdains to change :  
 With no Design this Fair Enchanter sets,  
 Toils for Mens Hearts, or spreads her Blooming Nets,  
 But fix'd in Mind does gentle Love pursue,  
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 Her careless Mien, her disengaged Look,  
 Which yet for Charming *Stringer's* might be took;  
 So tenderly she's touch'd in ev'ry Part,  
 None can refuse an Off'ring to her Heart.

See how the *Lewins's* Fragrant Charms dispense,  
 While all Mankind confess their Influence;  
 Darts from their piercing Eyes like Lightning fly  
 And scatter Pleasure thro' Ambient Sky.

So *Louther* moves the loveliest of her kind,  
 T'whom Nature has so large a Portion join'd,  
 A Beauteous Body, and Noble Mind.

Fair as the Heav'ns is her Complexion seen,  
 Artless her Dross, Unstudied is her Mein;  
 Free from a formal and consulted Air,  
 The Natural and the Easie are her Care.

*Nevil's* Agreeable in ev'ry Turn,  
 Her Motion 'tis makes ev'ry Lover burn;  
 So unaffected all she does appears,  
 No Dress but is genteel that *Nevil* wears;  
 And if she let her Eyes extend their Pow'r,  
 The Swain is wretched that her Charms adore.

The Softness which in *Gower's* Fair Eyes we see  
 Admits of nought but Love and Extasie;  
 No other Inclinations can we find,  
 But gentle Nature Innocent and Kind;  
 Charms which Seraphick Pleasures most improv  
 And wou'd invite the Gods themselves to love.

*Bathurst* has Sparkling Eyes, whose Magic  
 [Pow

A Thousand Worshippers each Day adore;  
 The Sun himself each Morn at his Uprise,  
 Receives not half the grateful Sacrifice.

So *Hide* dispences to the World Delight,  
 Her lovely Form, like Angels Gay and Bright,  
 Strikes us with Wonder at the approaching Sight,  
 So quick she moves with a becoming Pace,  
 We scarce can judge the most excelling Grace,  
 Her Easie Manner, or her Beauteous Face.



*Townsend's* bright Eyes moves ev'ry tender Heart  
 Each Glance she casts at Mankind proves a Dart,  
 Each Look's a Charm, and ev'ry Smile a Grace,  
 That wantons in the Beauties of her Blooming Face

*M---r---d* the Muses can't enough commend,  
 So much a Sister, and so much a Friend ;  
 Wit join'd to Beauty must needs clearer shine,  
 Since one is by the other made Divine ;  
 What Off'ring great enough then can we pay  
 To such an Altar, such a Deity ?

See *Townley* like the Spring, still Fresh and Gay,  
 Her Orient Charms each Morning does display,  
 And reigns our wish'd-for Object all the Day.  
 Such lasting Brightness nothing can distain,  
 But her White Skin, and Blushes dy'd in Grain.

But see the Goddess of our Vows appears,  
 Which such a Solemn Garb of Virtue wears,  
 We warm with Love, and chill again with Fears.  
*A---d* the Beau-mondecry, *A---d's* the Name,  
 Her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Soul's the same ;  
 All Beautiful and exquisitely Bright,  
 No Spot or Stain disturbs the Curious Sight,  
 But when we gaze 'tis still with fresh Delight ;  
 And when she speaks, the Musick of her Tongue  
 Pleases beyond the force of *Tofts's* Song ;  
 Each Motion too has some peculiar Grace,  
 That takes beyond the brightest Beauties Face ;  
 Her Step, her nimble Gate, her active Feet,  
 Tie down our Eyes, the nimble Charm to meet

If such Enchantments lye in ev'ry Part,  
 What Wond'rous Magick Centres in the Heart ;  
 Diffusing round its influence ev'ry where,  
 In Looks, in Words, in Gesture, and in Air ;  
 In Shape, in Mein, in ev'ry Graceful Turn,  
 The Fire is kindled, and the Passions burn ;  
 How does the Hand move ev'ry Vital part,  
 And steal in gently to the Lover's Heart ?  
 With equal Force unguarded Man surprize,  
 And make as sure a Conquest as the Eyes,  
 Whose pointed Darts no Mortal yet withstood,  
 They wound at distance, and infect the Blood,  
 There Circulate without the least controul,  
 Till the sweet Poison reach the very Soul.

F I N I S.